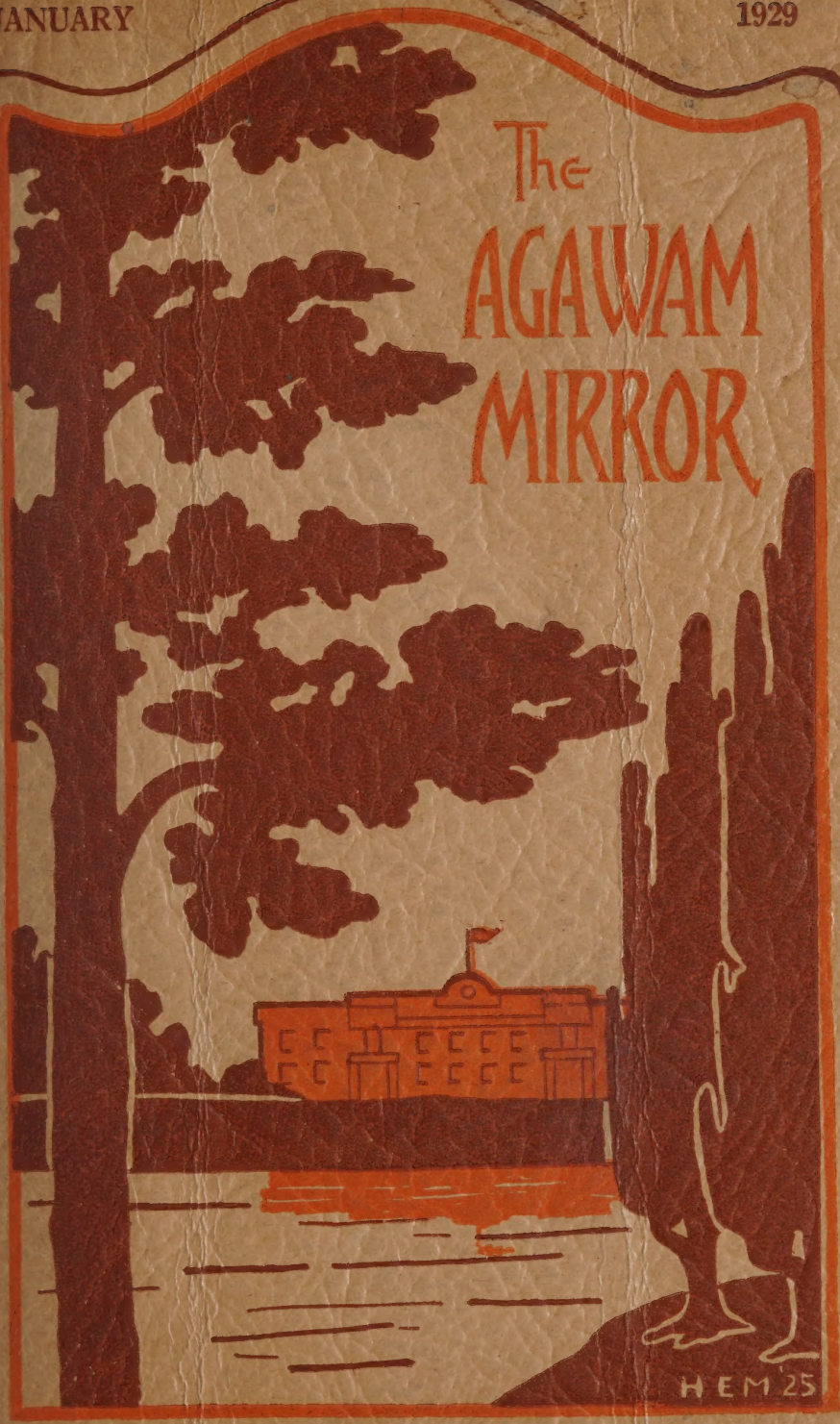
JANUARY 1929

The AGAWAM MIRROR



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The AGAWAM MIRROR

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CONTENTS

Masquerading?, *Grace Brady* '30 5

Can You Imagine? *James Wright* '31 8

The Old Toll Gate, *Sylvia Hunter* '31 9

Stranger than Fiction, *Pauline Corriveau* '29 10

Thoughts on "Looking Backward," *Vera Brown* '30 11

From Imigrant to Inventor, *George Roos* '30 12

Editorial 13

Music 14

Art 15

Cercle Francais 15

School Notes 16

Junior High 17

Athletics 18

Exchanges 20

Spice Box 21

Alumni 22

A Letter from Italy 23

Masquerading?

By GRACE BRADY

WITH her cheeks still flushed with excitement, Jane Scott turned and locked the door after bidding good night to the last Gypsy and Pierrot, to the last Quaker maid and Spanish Toreador. For the old Scott mansion had just seen a happy ending to another gay masquerade ball, and Jane was quite delighted with the whole affair.

Now, skipping lightly down the grand old hall to switch off the light, Jane caught a glimpse of herself in one of the long mirrors and stopped to admire her own image.

She looked up then from force of habit, to the portrait of her great grandmother hanging at one side of the long mirror and saw again her resemblance to her beautiful ancestor.

Jane was dressed as a colonial maid and had on the very gown in which Jane the First had been dressed when this portrait had been made. She had the same sweet red mouth and deep dark eyes of the other. Even her black curls were caught softly together at the nape of her neck, just as great grandmother's were.

Then, after a last pat at her hair and a little curtsy to show off the better her beautiful dress, she snapped out the light, but instead of going directly upstairs she entered the library and sank into a nearby window seat. There, in the darkness of the old room, with the vision of her great grandmother still in her mind's eye and the rustle of the old silken dress in her ears, Jane's responsive mind slipped into a reverie of the long ago.

All the memories in the old room seemed to crowd about her,—memories of events which she had never witnessed, events which had happened long before she was born. It seemed to her that she could see the dim figures of her ancestors pacing up and down the room. They were gay, happy people most of them. A few, however, with the blight of some misfortune in their lives, were sad and weary but these Jane chose to ignore.

"I wonder if there is more excitement and glamour in life nowadays than there was when great-grandmother was a girl," she mused, half aloud. "There was so much gallantry and romance then,—we seem to have lost that air in these matter of fact days. Now this old room for instance and all those white fields out there,—" And as she glanced out the window to scan the acres of fields, her thought changed to admiration of the beauty of the scene before her.

That afternoon there had been a snow storm which had later turned to a drizzly rain. Now, however, the sky had cleared and a pale winter moon looked down on an icy world. The bushes and trees were drooping with their glistening burden of ice, and as the white moon stared coldly down she made a silve fairyland of the world. One almost expected to see the tiny forms of elves and fairies appear from under some glimmering bush to carry on their minstrelsies.

Down near the edge of the fields was a dark shadow cast by a large barn. Now something,—something seemed to be moving out of that shadow! Startled, Jane wondered for a moment if her eyes were deceiving her, if this was just another trick of her fancy, or if it was truly, something live and real.

Jane rubbed her eyes and shook herself to be sure that she was awake. Yes, it was something but whether man or beast she could not be sure. It was just a bulky figure now,—something which seemed twice its height because of the long shadow gliding beside it like a phantom. Whatever it

might be, it was coming towards the house, Jane could see. Something dark and mysterious coming and she, Jane, the only one up! And then, although she was not a panicky young person as a rule Jane's hands felt cold and little shivers chased each other up and down her spine. What *should* she do? What *could* she do?

"It might be only a large dog," she tried to tell herself. But she could well see now that it wasn't an animal; it was a man! A man,—and he was approaching from the open fields. There was no road in that direction for many miles, no lane or house from which he could have come. All her guests had departed long ago, Jane knew. Who then could this person be? And at this late hour of the night too,—or, rather, early hour of the morning. For, in the bright moonlight, Jane could see that it was just one o'clock.

Then, with a quick little movement Jane pushed the bell for the servants for, if this stranger meant any harm she, at least, did not want to be alone to face him.

Now, nearer and nearer the stranger was coming. Jane could hear the *crunch, crunch* of the hardened snow beneath his feet as he picked his way through the glistening white garden. In the bright moonlight she saw that he was tall, unusually tall. Rather panic stricken now, she rang the bell for the servants again; for the intruder had mounted the stone steps to the porch. As he passed the window in which she waited. Jane shivered and sat rooted to the spot.

"Why,—he's got on aviator's clothes," she whispered unbelievingly to herself. "Why, who *can* he be,—and what *is* he doing,—" and she jumped nervously as the door bell pealed through the silent house, just as though she had not expected it all along. Jane had a feeling that she must open the door herself and yet she debated: "Shall I open the door or shall I wait until somebo— Oh!" for just as she entered the hall she collided with the butler who had come padding silently out from the back of the house. Behind him Jane could see the bulky figure of his faithful wife.

"Why, what *is* the matter Miss Janey? Is something wrong?" he managed to gasp, after he had recovered from their collision.

"Yes,—no. Listen Patrick, you just stand here inside this doorway. You, too, Mary," she added as the maid came puffing up.

Then breathlessly, she explained to her mystified servants. "There's some one at the door. No, I'll answer it. You just stay here in the dark and wait," and she bundled them unceremoniously into the darkened living room.

Then, snapping on the lights, she opened the door and stood to receive the stranger.

Robert Ames' first thought was that perhaps his experience had dazed his mind a bit, and that he was just imagining this.

For, standing in the old colonial doorway with the beautiful old hall and its furnishings for a background, was this exquisite girl in her lovely colonial frock. Her cheeks were flushed now with excitement and her eyes were sparkling. Jane had no idea what a charming picture she made there in the soft yellow light, but the aviator knew and his heart began to thump furiously because of that knowledge.

Although Jane had seen him coming and had had time to think a little, still she also was utterly surprised when she opened the door. He was tall as she had before observed and looked remarkably well in his dark aviator's clothes. His goggles, pushed back haphazardly over his cap, permitted just one lock of curly blond hair to stray forth to shadow his nice blue eyes.

Because of their mutual surprise, the two young people stood staring at each other for one long moment.

Then the aviator laughed, just a trifle confusedly, and said, "My name is Robert Ames. I'm an aviator and I've just,—"

"What is it, Janey?" asked a voice behind her and Jane turned to see her father coming down stairs.

Up until then, she had not noticed the cold but now, as an icy breeze swept in, she turned to the young man standing on the porch and said hospitably, "Won't you come in where it's warmer and tell us your story?"

He was quick to accept the invitation and was soon in the warm library from whose windows Jane had watched with such apprehension his approach.

The rest of the family, awakened by the noise, had now gathered and were eager to hear the aviator's story. So, after all the introductions had been made, he began.

P. Corriveau

"You see, I was trying to make a non-stop flight from Chicago to New York. I got along all right until about a half hour ago, when I noticed that I was running out of gas. Of course I tried to make a landing right away. I circled round and round but I couldn't seem to get my bearings. I knew that there was supposed to be a beacon light around here somewhere and in trying to find it I used up more gas. Then, after I did find it I had to come down in your fields back here. Fortunately, its quite open out there so my plane isn't damaged much," he finished simply.

Then, amid the exclamations and questions of his interested listeners, Bob Ames turned to Jane and wondered, for perhaps the tenth time, if he wasn't dreaming all this. It seemed too much like a fairy tale. He, coming down so unexpectedly from the open skies, coming down to this spacious old mansion, to this lovely girl who seemed so much a part of the old house itself.

She looked so lovely standing over there, outlined against the snapping yellow flames in the great fireplace, so small and dainty in her old-fashioned dress. Her cheeks were flushed now with the heat, her eyes glowing with excitement.

To her, this all seemed a part of her masquerade, a part of her dreaming. As she looked up to meet the aviator's eye, she thought, "How strange that I should have said that there was more excitement in life when great grandmother was a girl. Why,—why no knight ever came swooping down on her from the open skies as one has on me."

She looked up again to find the aviator still looking at her, and as she sighed happily she thought "This is surely no masquerade. This is *life*, life more alluring even than in great-grandmother's day."

Can You Imagine?

Can you imagine yourself as a clown,
Dancing and prancing on stage in town;
Can you imagine yourself as a cook,
Baking and frying from a recipe book;
Can you imagine yourself as a cop,
Swinging your billy and guarding the block;
Can you imagine yourself as a tailor,
Stitching, measuring and mending galore;
Can you imagine yourself as a poet,
Searching for a word because you didn't know it;
Can you imagine yourself as a teacher,
Instructing your students on Henry Ward Beecher;
Can you imagine yourself as a butcher,
Carving some meat from a rusty old creature;
You can imagine all of these
But what are you going to be?

James Wright, '31.

The Old Toll Gate

By Sylvia Hunter

The old toll gate has passed and gone.
'Tis just a mem'ry like an old time song
It served its purpose for many a day
To passing travelers on their way.

Carriages, coaches, carts, and chaise
Must pause at the gate their toll to pay;
And whether of high or low degree
None might pass till he paid his fee.

Its faithful keepers, young or old
Could many a tale to you unfold,
Of bold marauder on mettle steed
Who chafed at delay at the toll he must heed.

While many a run-away pair defied
Wrathful parents on the nether side
Of the old toll gate, and dashed away
To reach the parson without delay.

Old time customs and old time ways
Must stand aside with the olden days
Thus the old toll gate has passed and gone
'Tis just a mem'ry like an old time song.

Stranger Than Fiction

By PAULINE CORRIVEAU

WHEN Collette's husband entered the room with a small box in his hand, she looked up in surprise and a smile flickered across her face for an instant. He was forever playing jokes on her.

"Now what is it," she asked?

"Just a little surprise," was the answer.

She took the box carelessly and opened it without any expectancy and gasped in amazement as she studied its contents. Her head bent down closer to inspect it. Her brown curls shielded her happy face For you see this was what she had always wanted but had never expected.

She raised her head and smiled across at her husband. But, that little smile went right to his heart because that smile told more than words could express. "Oh! The pearls of my dreams." This was all she could utter for a lump came in her throat from mere gratitude. To think he had spent almost all his week's wages in buying that gift for her—the sum of $25.00.

She wore them on all occasions and on this particular afternoon she had been enjoying herself immensely at a bridge party.

Suddenly a frown passed over her beautiful face. What was that Miss Hires had said about Elizabeth Mortley, her dearest friend? It wasn't true. No, it wasn't. How could Elizabeth be capable of doing such a thing? Her hand went to her throat and grasped her pearls for support. Zip! Plink! Plunk! went her beautiful pearls all over the highly polished floor. She looked ridiculous on her hands and knees gathering her most loved possession. But she wasn't going to lose them. No siree! One or two other women helped her in picking them up.

The next day with her beads carefully inclosed in an envelope, she stepped into the same jewelers where her husband made the purchase. When she approached the counter, the clerk near-by came up and smilingly attended her. When he took the pearls which were to be restrung out of the paper envelope, a low whistle escaped his lips. He looked up suddenly at the woman in the green hat.

She looked back with a straightforward gaze.

"Why madam," he broke in, "Do you know you have the pearls which we had thought we would never see again? At the time of this purchase an inexperienced clerk had waited on the man who bought these pearls, giving a $5,000 string instead of a $25 string.

"We shall gladly give you something in return for this fine discovery."

Having been told she would hear from them the next day, Collette went out into the cool crisp autumn air to clear her whirling brain.

The events had moved too swiftly in that afternoon for her to grasp the full valeu of its meaning. To think she had been wearing a $5000 string of pearls and thinking they were but $25.

Next day she received an unexpected surprise when the caller from the jewelers laid down on her table a check for $1000 and a string of perals worth four times the price of the one's her husband had intentions of buying.

"Madam, this is worth the recovery of those pearls," were the only words he uttered.

I need not say what this woman's husband had to say of the unexpected turn of events.

(*continued on page* 24)

Thoughts on "Looking Backward"

By VERA BROWN

ONLY a few people of today realize what an impression Edward Bellamy's very successful "Looking Backward" made upon the people of the nineties.

Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward" was born in Chicopee Falls, Mass., then a suburb of Springfield. As a boy, Bellamy attended the public schools of Springfield and when a young man, he entered Union College at Schenectady, where he studied law and social reform. Not liking law, and as a literary career appealed to him strongly, he took up journalism. His first experience was on the staff of the New York *Evening Post.* Later he became assistant-editor of *The Springfield Union.*

Bellamy was very much interested in social reform and therefore, all his books are based on this subject. Because the people of the late nineteenth century were just beginning to see the possibilities for the bettering of both the work and the play for the future race, they were able to comprehend and appreciate "Looking Backward."

Bellamy chose the story form to convey his ideas. He has the hero of his story fall asleep in the year 1887, and, being a second Rip Van Winkle he doesn't wake until one hundred and thirteen years later—the year two thousand. He wakes to find himself in a world of miracles.

One who reads the story today is constantly thinking, "How many of these miracles have really been performed!"

Let us suppose Bellamy is with us today viewing his old time environments. Here in Springfield where he wrote his book, much of his prophecy has been carried through to reality. In our fancy Bellamy is seated in a comfortable chair listening to Rene Dagenis playing the organ at Hotel Kimball, several miles away. As the music fades away, and as a trio of violins play the beautiful "Moonlight Sonata," we pick up a copy of "Looking Backward." Yes, here is the place, and we read from the book, "As far as I could see nothing was done but the turning of one or two knobs and at once the room was filled with the music of a great organ. Immediately after this, the twang of violins flooded the room with the witchery of a summer's night."

As he will enjoy seeing the house, we first take him to the small, but well furnished kitchen. As he gazes about him, our minds rove back to the book—"The washing is done at public laundries and the making of all we eat and wear is done in public shops."

We mention school. "Yes, I certainly would like to visit one of your high schools."

He is very much pleased when he sees that conditions of school life are as he dramed them—"All boys and girls of every race, color, age, and position have the same privilege of learning."

We can imagine him saying of our school what he says in his book, "I was struck by the prominence given to physical culture and with the fact that proficiency in athletics was strongly stressed."

We imagine that Bellamy would like to discuss today's business as it really is.

"But first will you tell us your conception of the business of the year two thousand as you saw it?" we ask.

"Certainly," he replies, "I believed that the government, in order to guard against hunger, cold, and nakedness and to provide for all physical and mental needs of the

people, would take over all concerns and direct all industries. Thus—

"But this is just the opposite from what the people of the Labor Party really want. They believe that they can work best through the other parties. They don't want a party of their own men, and they don't want the government to control the business.

"It seemed to me," he continues, "that small business would completely disappear and everything would be done on a large scale."

"You were right, there. Why, Henry Ford in his new book "My Philosophy of Industry" predicts that even groups of farmers will soon co-operate in their farming industries."

"Tell me about the woman's work as regarded today. Do they remain at home as most of our women in 1887 did, or do they work outside more as I hoped they might?"

"The life of women has changed very much," we answer. "The women of today go out to work. Many of the married women work. Some of them desire a career, and still others find that there is need for working. By the way, women receive nearly the same wages as men."

We can imagine his interest in all he would hear and see, as we continue an imaginary tour. Such a trend of thought leads, however, to thoughts of what the year 2000 may see.

According to conditions as they are today what would Bellamy prohesy for tomorrow? Would he say that we are going to have aerial streets? Or be able to take enough nourishment out of the air to live? Or be able to run our automobiles by perpetual motion? These ideas probably seem as impossible to the people of today as Bellamy's ideas seemed to those of yesterday. Are they impossible?

The president at a college, on the opening day, announced that the freshman class was the largest ever to enter the university. Immediately after, he read the text for the morning which was, "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

From Imigrant to Inventor

By George Roos, '30

Have you ever read, "From Immigrant to Inventor," by Michael Pupin? If you have not, a treat is in store for you.

Who would think that a boy, born and brought up in a peasant village could become a leading scientist? Yet this is actually what has happened to Michael Pupin. But why is it that he should rise to such a high position?

One reason is that he had a wonderful mother. Although only a peasant woman, in a peasant village, she was very, very wise. She longed above all things to have her son stand forth as a leader of men. Because at an early age he thought of school only as a hindrance to his play, she called him before her and said something like this, "My boy, if you wish to go out into the world about which you hear so much at the neighborhood gatherings, you must provide yourself with another pair of eyes; the eyes of reading and writing. There is much wonderful knowledge and learning in the world which you cannot get unless you can read and write. Knowledge is the golden ladder over which we climb to heaven; knowledge is the light which illuminates our path through this life and leads to a future life of everlasting glory."

These words of his mother had such an effect upon the boy that he played very little with his chums and studied so hard that he soon became the leader of his class. The next year the teacher wrote a speech for him to deliver on St. Sava's day. His mother ammended and amplified the speech and made him rehearse it again and again and after he had given it, the people declared that the wisest man of the village could not have done better.

This overwhelming success made it possible for him to go to better schools away from home and after the death of his father to come to America.

His mother's letters were always most inspiring. He studied very hard so that he might enter Columbia. He graduated with the highest of honors. From Columbia he went to the University of Cambridge.

(*continued on page* 24)

Editorial

Home From School

By HELEN RUDMAN

We found out recently that in going home from school Mary Winters follows, for some distance, the same path her Great-Great-Great-Great Grandmother Mary Winters used to take after leaving the one-room log school house where she spent a long day.

Times have changed and instead of Great-Great-Great-Great Grandmother's little log school house we see our Mary Winters coming from a large high school.

If Mary Up-to-Date Winters reaches home much before supper time her mother in a surprised tone calls out, "Why, Mary, aren't you home early today?"

And Mary making a bee-line for the ice-chest will mumble, "Uh, huh, I guess so. I've got to catch the half-past four car to the city to meet Jane." Then dashing by on the way upstairs to change her dress, she gives further information, "Don't wait up for me, because I won't be home until late."

As we watch Mary go out evening after evening in quest of excitement, we wonder if she ever stops long enough to realize the contrast between Great-Great-Great-Great Grandmother Winter's life and her own. Great-Great-Great-Great Grandmother used to hurry home from school so that she could get the big buckets dripping full of clear, cold water from the well before the sun set. Then as she helped her mother prepare supper, the cabin was filled with savory odors of corn bread baking in the big brick oven at the right of the fireplace and beef simmering in a huge kettle hanging from a crane over the roaring fire.

The Old Well

When the meal had been cleared away the family settled down to a quiet evening. Mr. Winters whittled contentedly at a new axe handle and Mrs. Winters busily spun yarn with which to make her family's clothes.

Lying on a thick bearskin rug before the fireplace, Mary helped her younger brother do his sums, while Tom, the older boy, looked over his traps to be set out in the morning. After spinning a large ball of yarn, Mrs. Winters took up Bunyan's "Pilgrims Progress," one of the few precious books, that they owned. Then by the flickering light of a candle attached to the high back of her chair she read aloud softly. Mary sighed with content as gazing into the heart of the fire, she listened to the murmering voice and the snap and crackle of burning logs.

A little later Mother called, "Come, Mary, wake up it's time for all of us to go to bed." So Mary heaped glowing coals into the warming pans and took them up into the loft where they were passed between the blankets to make the beds warm and comfy for the night. Last of all, yawning sleepily, Father climbed to the loft after covering the embers in the fireplace for the night and barring the cabin doors. Soon only the sounds of nature disturbed the stillness of the night.

None of us want our homes to be like Great-Great-Great-Great GrandmotherWinter's. But nevertheless shouldn't we think of home as more than a mere place in which to eat and sleep? Otherwise we will have regrets in the years to come.

Music

Eva Richard

Franz Schubert

This year, in our High School, special interest has been paid to Schubert. Recently Miss Perry, the supervisor of music, prepared a very interesting program. Sylvia Hunter sang "Hark, Hark the Lark." Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" was played on our orthophonic victrola.

Franz Schubert, German composer, was born January 31, 1797, in the Himmelphfortgrund, a small suburb of Vienna. His father was a parish schoolmaster and his mother had been a cook in a Viennse family.

At the age of five Schubert began to receive instruction. At six he entered Lichtenthal school. About this time his music education began. At seven he surpassed his father in the knowledge of music and he was sent to Michael Holzer, the Kapellmeister of the Lichtenthal Church. His early training in music hindered his progress and his meagre education was not sufficient to give him much chance of success.

In October 1808, he was received at the Convict which had become the chief music school of Vienna. He remained there until he was seventeen, but he did not profit much by the instruction he received.

Meanwhile, his genius was showing itself in compositions which he and his two brothers played on Sundays and holidays. During his stay at the Convict he wrote a great deal of chamber-music and he closed his stay with his first symphony.

In 1813, he entered his father's school as a teacher in the lowest class. While he was teaching, he took private lessons from Salieri who did more for his training than any of his teachers. While under the supervision of Salieri, the symphony in B was finished and another in D Major soon afterwards.

In 1816 Von Schober carried Schubert from the classroom to study his art. His circle of friends widened as his fame grew. He was the greatest songwriter that has ever lived and almost everything in his hand changed to song. He wrote all of his best compositions in the last ten years of his life. His songs numbered six-hundred and they included many masterpieces. To Schubert we owe much and, as long as the art remains, Schubert's place is among the masters.

Music

Music in Agawam High has been favored more this year than ever before. The school now can boast of two orchestras. The regular school orchestra, composed of about fifteen members, plays at all the entertainments and at special assemblies. The new orchestra "Reynold's Play Boys" furnishes the music for the dancing after basketball games. They do not confine their efforts to the school only. They have had several outside jobs.

Miss Libia Rovelli, ex-'31 and a former member of the school orchestra and Girls' Glee Club is now in Italy studying advanced music under the direction of a noted violinist. Parts of a recently received letter appear on another page.

Art

Pauline Corriveau

Art Department

In November the Senior High School girls made attractive sketches of our beloved Agawam scenes. At present, they are devoting much time in studying the work of noted artists. They will specialize in American Art.

Another interesting source of discussion is the pictures loaned monthly by the Springfield Art League.

Our October picture was the work of Mr. LaValley. "New England Hills" is an appropriate title for this painting. A tree stands to the right of the bottomless pond of vivid blue water. The rolling hills form the background of the picture.

The November painting, "Autumn In Cummington," is one of the many landscape paintings of Mrs. Harriet Lumis. A large oak tree clothed in a smart gown of reddish orange leaves, standing proudly in the center, is showing off its beauty to the two forlorn trees on its left. The scanty, faded, blue green foliage of the smaller trees, forms the contrast. The river in the foreground and the blue hills beyond, with a clouded sky, complete a picture of autumnal beauty.

Our December picture is, also, taken from an autumn scene. A luring roadway with a mass of trees on its left, winds toward blue hills almost lost in autumnal haze. A towering tree in the foreground is brilliant in its red and orange tints, while its neighbors, smaller trees, still hold their green leaves.

The Art Department hopes that the students will take thoughtful consideration of each picture that is hung on the Assembly Hall wall during the school year.

Pauline Corriveau.

The drawing for the illustration of "Masquerading?" is an original sketch by Pauline Corriveau. The drawing of "The Old Toll Bridge" is a copy and is also made by Miss Corriveau. The sketch "The Old Well" is the work of Alice Fickweiler.

Cercle Francais

Corada Tinti

The French Picnic

On November 17, the members of the French Club hiked from their homes to Provin Mountain. We talked, walked, sang, and acted French all the way; consequently we were somewhat exhausted and hungry.

After the fire was built, we put on coffee to boil and roasted our hot dogs and marshmallows. We ate pickles, too, and they were just as good, even if we had to call them "cornichons."

Since our appetites had been satisfied, we were ambitious. Miss Jauch and Miss McIntire went for a stroll. Upon their return they found us suddenly changed to birds and beasts among the trees. They were satisfied with our version of "Maitre Corbeau," attempt, however, was not enough for us; so they entertained us with one of their exquisite acts.

A swift hike to the car-line wound up a most satisfactory day's outing. The car was there awaiting us; in we jumped, "en route" for the United States.

The "Fete de Noel"

Two days after they had received their cordial invitations, December 21, thirty-five members of the "Cercle Francais" flocked into the library, smiling as they "bonjour'd Pere Noel, alias Monsieur James Reynolds. "Tout le monde" was French then.

Red and green streamers decorated the library and an illuminated "arbre de Noel" stood in the corner.

We amused ourselves by singing, racing, and playing games. We all received a gift, though few of us deserved one. There are exceptions to the rule, of course.

Refreshments were served and Mon Dieu! the pickles are still in the ice box. The party broke up singing the Marseillaise.

C. Tinti, '30.

School Notes

Alice Fickweiler

The Forming of the Western Massachusetts League of School Publications

In November, delegates from schools in Western Massachusetts met at the High School of Commerce in Springfield, to take first steps in the organization of the Western Massachusetts League of School Publications.

The first regular meeting of the association was held at Central High School in Springfield, on Friday, January 18. Delegates were present from Ware, Palmer, Westfield, West Springfield, Greenfield, Ludlow, Deerfield, and Warren. Commerce, Central, and Tech, high schools of Springfield and our own high school were represented.

The following officers were elected: President, Miss Arenson of Commerce; Vice-president, Mr. Minkus of Westfield; Recording Secretary, Miss Thompson of Ludlow; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Roberts of Agawam; Treasurer, Mr. Michelman of Greenfield.

The organization promises to be a help and an inspiration.

Special Assemblies

The Thanksgiving Day assembly was held November twenty-eighth. The following program was thoughtfully arranged by Miss Lynch.

Governor's Proclamation, Clifford Mumford.
The Meaning of Thanksgiving
Grant Sackett.
A Turkey's Soliloquy, Lucile Syner.
Saxaphone Solo, Raymond Geoffrion.
Harvest Home. Grade 7.
Who Shall Be Queen, Junior High Students.

On November first, members of the American History Class proved successful in making clear to the student body, the procedure of electing our president and the qualifications, and the methods of voting. They also told us something of the lives and accomplishments of the candidates and discussed the leading issues of the campaign.

Rev. John Dutton gave the school a very interesting talk on the history of Agawam. An account of the lecture will be given in our next issue.

Miss Jauch prepared an excellent Armistice Day program for November ninth.

Walter Bodman, Marie Bozenhard, and Bion Wheeler were the speakers.

A saxaphone solo by Charles Marsh was well received.

On December 6th, Superintendent Phelps addressed us briefly on "Skill and Success," and on December 18th, on "Health" and on "Selected Factors."

On January 8th, Mr. Floyd B. Wrisley, a vocational adviser at Burdett College, Boston, gave an inspiring talk on "Choosing a Career."

Several departments contributed in making our Christmas Assembly a decided success.

The following cast presented the play, "Why the Chimes Rang."

Holger, a peasant boy.....Natale Cirillo
Steen, his younger brother.....Earl Cesan
Bertel, their Uncle.....James Reynolds
An Old Woman.....Catherine Burke
Priest.....Walter Bodman
Man of World.....Julius Thormeyer
Courtier.....Clarence Daly
Court Lady.....Vera Brown
Scholar.....George Roos
Young Maiden.....Pauline Corriveau
King.....Creighton Abrams
Angel.....Florence Bradford

Double Quartet: Doris Parker, Marie Bozenhard, Frances Pedulla, Inez Lucardi, Gerald Gallagher, Stanley Demarski, Clifford Pond, Richard Shields.

A processional of girl choristers, dressed in white, each carrying a lighted candle, preceded the play. They were coached by Miss Perry.

Mr. Dacey helped with the stage settings, and Miss Crowley painted a window needed for the scene.

The play will long be remembered because it was so beautifully done.

Junior High

The Diary of a Fly

One day a fly was sitting contentedly on the edge of a sugar bowl, watching Miss George, who was writing in a small book.

"Now what is that she is writing?" the fly asked himself.

Suddenly the telephone rang and Miss George jumped up to answer it. She left the little book on the table, so the fly lighted on one of the pages and read it. Then he spelled to himself the word, "Diary."

"Hm," said the fly, "this is what she keeps all her happenings in. I surely must have one of these."

So he tore off a bit of paper and broke the lead in the pencil and flew upon a shelf to start his diary.

By this time Miss George came back, and, seeing her pencil broken went to sharpen it.

The fly took another piece of paper and started his diary. It ran something like this:

Todae:

"Eye hade a feest todae on shuger and millk. Meye bruther wuz killed becuz a screen fell on him."

Tomorrer:

"Eye hade some butter and cookys and allso some bred."

Tha Nexet Dae:

"Eye hade some butter and cookys and allso some bred."

Tha Nexet Dae:

"Eye hade some————

And just at that the paper fell down so Miss George picked it up and threw it into the fire!

The little fly was very angry so he started to buzz and fly about looking for his diary. When he found out it had been thrown away he lighted on the shelf and began to cry as though his heart would break.

Just then Miss George brought in a nice big pie. When the little fly saw it, he banished all his troubles and settled down to eat some, for he *did* love pie! But the little fly *never wrote* another diary after that.

Alice Harrigan, '32.

The Dramatic Club consists of the seventh and eighth grade girls.

The object of this club is to give plays and entertainments for the assembly and our homeroom class.

A play, called "Winter's Messengers" has been given in assembly. We are now working on a play called "Thrift." This play is to be given in our homeroom.

The Dramatic Club has increased in members very rapidly. The club started with eighteen members and now has thirty-two.

The officers of the club are: Supervisors: Dorothy Brown and Celia Grasso; President, Magdelene Mencarelli; Secretary, Eleanor Fickweiler; Treasurer, Elsie Johnson.

The dues of the club are five cents a month.

At Christmas time the members of the Dramatic Club furnished a poor family of the town with toys and other gifts.

A Christmas Party was held in our room.

This Dramatic Club holds meetings every first Friday of the month.

Squirrels

When the nuts are falling, say,
How's the boy to keep away?
Squirrels busy all the day,
Storing nice fat nuts away.

Now's the time to lay in stock!
Every squirrel seems to knock,
Stamps his feet and seems to say,
"No trespassing here today."

What's he doing? Not a thing?
The worst kind of trespassing!
Makes a road of Jones' fence
Where it runs through thicket dense!
Stores his nuts in Jones' tree
Independent as can be.

Marjorie Bryant.

Prospects Bright for Another Successful Campaign

Among the large group of basketball players to report at the first practice session were Capt. Lawrence Roy, Clifford "Cud" Pond and Fortini, all veterans of last year's championship five. Alfred "Doc" Roy is the logical choice for the center berth, and Clarence "Jackie" Daly appears to have won the guard position left vacant by Capt. "Larry" Roy, who is playing forward.

The first team is also backed up by a very good second team composed of: "Tex" Wilson and Harry Abell forwards, Bodman and Reynolds guards and Merrill center.

A Three Years Record of Successful Basket-Ball Games Won and Lost

Year	*Won*	*Lost*
1925–26	13	6
1926–1927	13	1
1927–1928	16	1
Totals	42	8

Record of Points Scored

Year	*Agawam*	*Opponents*
1925–1926	378	297
1926–1927	395	199
1927–1928	484	246
Totals	1257	742

Champions Twice and Runner Up Once in Three Years.

1925–1926 Runner Up to Ware in Twin State Conference.

1926–1927 Champions of Twin State Conference.

1927–1928 Champions of Twin State Conference.

1928-1929

American International College at Agawam

Agawam played well in its first basketball game of the season winning 24–12. Fortini was high scorer with 9 points amassed on 3 baskets and 3 fouls.

Jack Daly a newcomer played well and scored 7 points.

Agawam at Stafford Springs

Agawam High opened its Twin State Conference schedule by handing Stafford Springs High its first defeat of the season. Score: 32–8. Fortini was high point-getter, with 22 points.

Agawam vs. Alumni

Agawam won its third victory of the season, over the Alumni. Score: 35–19. Fortini was again high scorer with 10 points. Allen was high scorer for the Alumni with 8 markers.

Palmer at Agawam

Led by "Doc" Roy, the local quintet took Palmer into camp, thereby winning its second league victory in as many starts. Score: 22–14. "Doc" was high scorer with 11 points.

Capt. "Larry" Roy played in his first game of the season and played well despite a foot injury which had kept him out of all previous games.

Agawam at Ludlow

Led by Pond and Fortini, Agawam won its 27th straight league contest over Ludlow. Score: 30–17. It also marked Agawam's 20th straight victory. Fortini was high scorer with 11 points.

Enfield at Agawam

Enfield High threatened to walk away with the game during the first two periods, but a spirited rally saved the night for

Agawam. Score 19–16. Enfield led midway in the second quarter 13–5, and was traveling at a terrible clip, then suddenly the tide shifted itself to the opposite side and Agawam evened the count at 13 all as the half ended.

In the second half, however Enfield located the hoop only twice, once on a foul shot. Agawam was successful twice from the floor.

Fortini was high scorer with 9 points.

Agawam at West Springfield

In a fast and well played game, the Orange and Brown defeated its greatest rival, West Springfield, 27–21. The West-Siders put up a strong fight but the shooting of Fortini and Pond kept Agawam in the lead to the finish.

Cargill and Fields starred for West Springfield.

Agawam at Ware

Agawam added another great victory to its winning streak by taking Ware into camp. Score 18–14.

Ware was leading with but three minutes of the last quarter left to play, but a long shot by Pond gave Agawam a lead which it never relinquished.

The victory marked Agawam's 29th straight league victory over a span of three years and also its 23rd straight victory since December 23, 1927. The entire team played well.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The Girls' Basketball Team has been very successful during the past three years.

Games Won and Lost

Year	*Won*	*Lost*
1925–1926	8	2
*1926–1927	10	2
*1927–1928	8	2
Totals	26	6

Points scored by Girls' Basketball team during the past three years:

Year	*Agawam*	*Opponents*
1925–1926	121	60
*1926–1927	262	167
*1927–1928	376	150
Totals	759	377

*Coached by Miss Baker.
*Played under Girls' Rules.

Tied one game in 1928 against Ware, Score 23–23.

Our girls' basketball team is being coached again by Miss Baker. Under her able coaching, high scoring machines have been the rule, and this season appears to be no exception.

Agawam at Stafford Springs

Our girls' basketball team opened its season with a bang, and easily swamped the Stafford Springs maids. Score: 54–31. Kathleen Grimes was the individual star for Agawam with 29 points. The other members of the team also put up a strong bid for honors.

Agawam vs. Alumnae

Although represented by a strong lineup, the alumnae girls found a tartar in the High School maids and had to accept defeat. Score was 24–12. Kathleen Grimes was high scorer with 15 points. E. Pond played well for the alumnae.

Agawam at Palmer

January 4 is the day over which the Palmer girls should rejoice. It marked the first time any girls' team from Palmer has defeated the Agawam girls. Score was 24–23. F. Costa and K. Grimes were the high point getters for Agawam.

Agawam at West Springfield

Agawam put up a game fight but everything seemed to go against them and as a result they were defeated 33–32.

The entire Agawam team played a strong game, and K. Grimes led the scorers.

N. Dupuis

Knock! knock!
"Who's there?"
"Opportunity."
"You can't fool me. Opportunity knocks but once."—*The Scroll.*

Exchanges

We have attempted to choose from our exchanges the best poem, the best story, and the best editorial. The task we found too difficult and we doubt our ability as critics to pick out the best from so much that is good. We are certain, however, that the members of the school who borrow copies of our exchanges will enjoy the following:

The Lantern, Newtown High School, "Moth Gold" by Demie Genaitis, '30.

While at the dusky window moths destroy my gloam
With stiffened bodies, dim with gold
They cling the screens, serene but bold.

The High School Herald, Westfield, Mass. "Peasant Candles" by Edith E. Rogers, '29.

The Gleam, John A. Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minnesota. "Falling Snow" by Erling Lorentzen.

The Salemica, New Salem Academy, New Salem, Mass. "Christmas Thoughts", by Louis Golden.

The Wampatuck, Braintree High School, Braintree, Mass. "Happiness" by A. Calotti, '30.

The Students, Holmes High School, Covington, Ky. "Little Boy Blue."

The Enfield Echo, Enfield High School, Thompsonville, Conn. "Finery" by Elizabeth Alden.

The Wampatuck, Braintree High School, Braintree, Mass. "A Dog's Day" by M. French, '30. "My Dream Garden" by M. Thomas. "Time" by M. Halloran, P. G.

The Tattletale, Wareham High School, Wareham, Mass. "When Knights were Bold" D. Arenberg. "Gangway" by Louise Hampton.

We acknowledge the following magazines as *new* exchanges:

The Gleam, Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minn.

The Student, Holmes High School, Covington, Ky.

Clang O' Log, Piedmont, Cal.

The Tattler, Dover, Vt.

The Reporter, Bradford, Vt.

Calvert News, Calvert High School, Tiffin, Ohio.

The Reflector, Weymouth, Mass.

Junior Packet, Junior High School, West Springfield, Mass.

The Salemica, New Salem, Mass.

We have also received *our old friends:*

The Helios, Central High School, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Homespun, Central High School, Greensboro, N. C.

The High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.

The Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.

The Mangrove, St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras.

Odds and Ends, Northwestern High School, Detroit, Mich.

The Enfield Echo, Enfield, Conn.

Red and White, Lake View High School, Chicago, Ill.

The Wampatuck, Braintree, Mass.

The Dial, Brattleboro, Vt.

The Scroll, St. Ursula's Academy, Toledo, Ohio.

The Mercury, West Springfield, Mass.

The Little Red School House, Athol, Mass.

The Palmer, Palmer, Mass.

Student Lantern, Saginaw, Mich.

Durfee Hilltop, Fall River, Mass.

The Massachusetts Collegian, Amherst, Mass.

The Forum, Senn High School, Chicago, Ill.

Hi-News, Ludlow, Mass.

The Monconian, Monson, Mass.

Netop, Turners Falls, Mass.

Miracles at Winsted, Conn.

According to the *Herald-Tribune*, the editor of the *Winsted Evening Citizen* of Winsted, Connecticut, reports that miracles in Winsted are as thick as burrs on a sheep dog's coat. Unfortunately for Winsted's ambitions miracles in Agawam are as thick as freckles on a plow-boy's nose. In our town muskrats manicure their toes daily and here cats even chase dogs. Here hens care for motherless puppies and some have laid eggs marked with the eclipse. Up in Feeding Hills a hen has truly laid many golden eggs for its owner. In Agawam pastures one can see two headed calves. Truly, Agawam is chock full of first rate miracles.

B. T. W., '31.

"The assignment for tomorrow will be questions 3, 7, 8, 10, —"

Dick (just waking up): "Block that kick!" —*Exchange.*

A burglar who had entered a minister's house at midnight was disturbed by the awakening of the occupant of the drawing room. Drawing a knife he said:

"If you stir, you are a dead man. I'm hunting for money."

"Let me get up and get a light," said the minister, "and I'll hunt with you."

Odds and Ends.

J. C. (translating in Latin class): "The vestal virgins extinguished themselves with care."

G. F. (in English IV, reading aloud): "We hope it (Bunker Hill Monument) will be persecuted (prosecuted)."

World History pupil: "Miss Ward, do you know of a book which contains a reference to the *Ge suits?*"

Miss Ward: "What did you say? I don't understand what you mean."

Pupil: "Yes, Ge Suits. It's spelled J-e-s-u-i-t-s."

Mother: "Dorothy, you have disobeyed mother by racing around and making noise. Now, you shan't have a piece of candy."

Father (entering a few moments later): "Why so quiet, little one?"

Dorothy: "I've been fined for speeding." —*Exchange.*

Angry Man: "I've been shouting at you for the last half hour, and you only stand there and smile. Who are you, anyway?"

Second Man: "I'm a baseball umpire." —*Exchange, Red and White.*

"How do football men ever get clean?"

"Don't be silly, dearie, what do you think scrub teams are for?"—*The Helios.*

Alumni

Oh where, oh where have the Alumni gone?
Oh where, oh where can they be?
Won't they please come back, if just for a chat,
And then see how happy we'd be.

In the November issue of *The Mirror*, information was supplied concerning only our last year's graduating class. Of course you realize it is hard to reach each and every one of Agawam High's graduates, but a little information about Who's Who, and Who was home for Christmas vacation, will be noted below.

An upper classman saw a collegiate Ford in front of the Wallace's house on Federal Street, so we gather that Gordon was home from Boston University.

Frank Consolati visited the school a few weeks ago with "Mickey" Houlahan. "Slut" couldn't have felt so badly about leaving Notre Dame, for a few days reunion with his folks.

We are sorry "Lindy" Butler couldn't have been back for a few days, but Wesleyan is not far away, and, June isn't far off.

Judson Hastings was seen driving about town in his father's car. We think it was his father's, that is, unless Judson has been studying the art of "Economy" at M.A.C.

We wonder if anyone got a hair cut from George Reynolds when he was home from Amherst.

Maybelle Kennedy spent Christmas with her parents. It was thoughtful of Maybelle to visit school. We wish more of our graduates would do the same.

Preston Lenard and his sister Marjorie, were home from their respective colleges. Preston goes to St. John's College, and Marjorie attends Brown University.

Helen Fickweiler, a former post-graduate girl at our high school, spent her holidays with her parents. Helen is a student at Brown University.

We were glad to see Griffeth Davies home for vacation. It is seldom we have a chance to see him. Cornell must keep him very busy.

Nella Bailey and Esther Schwartz were about town during Christmas week. To see them is always a welcome treat. Nella and Esther went back to the Brattleboro Teachers' Training School after the holidays.

John Pedulla was home from Coburn Institute for a two weeks vacation with his parents.

Paul Rudman, a student at M. A. C., spent his vacation with his parents in Agawam Center.

We realize the Alumni information this month is unusually brief, but as we have kept this issue strictly for our college people, we will turn to the other equally fine graduates in the following *Mirror*.

In Memoriam

Lost forever to the A. H. S.,
Justin has gone to the wilderness;
Alas! This model of fidelity and trust,
Has succumbed to the wanderlust.

We stop to pause and wonder how,
Miss B., our teacher, now,
Can to the High School daily go,
Without her little Ford in tow.

B. T. W.; '31.

A Letter From Italy

The following is a letter from Libia Rovelli who is now studying music in Italy. She was a member of the class of '31.

Dear teachers and school friends:

After a long period I am writing to you all about the days that have been gone since my parting from dear Agawam.

On November 3rd at 11.30 A. M. I boarded the S. S. Conte Biancamano. It was a dull, rainy day, but still the port was crowded with people waiting for the ship to leave New York. At twelve o'clock sharp a long blast from the powerful horn of the ship was a sound that my heart will always remember as the fatal moment that meant I would soon be miles away from my dear friends. I was on deck when the ship started and I saw for the last time our New York. All the people from the port were waving and I gave a last wave and then I went down stairs in my room because I could stand it no longer.

On November 4th when I got up in the morning the first thing I did was to look out of the window and there we were with nothing but water around us and the sky overhead guarding us. That day was very gloomy for me because as you can guess I was sick and the thought of being miles away from land made it worse. Although it was Sunday to me it was nothing but a storm of tears. That night I didn't attend the moving pictures because I had all I could do to walk down stairs to my room.

On November 6th the sun was shining and for me the day was brighter. There was one other young miss in our class and I became acquainted with her. We were the only young girls but there were many students that were going to Italy to study its beauty. They all spoke Italian very well and I had a fine time trying to learn to speak it but even now I can speak but a few words. That day everyone knew everyone else and we were all giving our opinion as to who was going to be elected president. I have never heard so much about politics as I did that day on the ship.

On November 7th at 9.30 a. m. we knew that Mr. Herbert Hoover had been elected president of the United States. A special paper was printed that morning telling all about the number of votes, etc. Anyone would think that at that minute that ship had turned into an insane asylum.

On November 8th everything was getting brighter and brighter. I was asked to play a few pieces with my violin and I was accompanied with guitar and banjo. The rest of the day was spent in singing and dancing. Every thing was bright that day for every one and no one thought about the danger of being in the middle of the ocean but still, dear friends, amidst all this enjoyment I hadn't forgotten you.

On November 9th you can imagine my happiness in seeing land. In the distance I could see many islands and then I found out that we were nearing the coast of Portugal. The scenes were so beautiful that they can't be described in words. Beautiful mountains appeared to be painted with spots of white. As the ship went nearer I saw that these spots of white were small white houses in the mountains and how anyone ever thought of getting there God alone knows.

On November 10th we spied land again. This time we were nearing the Strait of Gibraltar. Rolling hills were covered with green and in the distance we saw a tower that was probably built in the early days of Gibraltar. As we neared Gibraltar we could see the many roads built with rocks that lead up into the hills and also the houses that to us seemed very ancient. We reached the port of Gibraltar at 1 p. m. and the ship stopped for forty minutes for the tourists that were getting off. Motor boats and row boats came near the ship and sold fresh fruits such as grapes, figs and oranges. It was figured that we were going to make 491 miles that day on the average speed of 20 miles per hour.

On November 11th we crossed the Gulf of Lion and the sea was very rough. Everyone was sick again and I was told that almost

(*continued on page* 27)

(*Continued from page 10*)

And you need not be told what she did with that $1000 check. They had a cozy fire burning in the fireplace that night and it was like a reflection of their happiness suddenly showered upon them as if from the opened skies.

The facts upon which this story is based were taken from a clipping cut from *The Springfield Republican*, recently. A Springfield woman writes that she knows these facts to be true—The necklace was bought as imitation pearls; the clerk was new and gave instead a valuable string of real pearls. It was impossible to trace the lost pearls. Over a year later the pearls were returned to the same store to be re-strung. They were kept by the jeweler, the woman received a check for $1000, and a $100 imitation necklace. The above sketch shows how facts can be dressed up to seem like fiction.

(*Continued from page* 12)

It was during a vacation from this university that he went home for a visit. He was received with the greatest of kindness by his old friends and before he left he attended a fish supper given in his honor. It was sunset, and the western sky was all aglow making the rest of the landscape look dark by contrast. At some distance and standing at the very end of a fisherman's barge was the dark silhouette of a tall young shepherd who suddenly poured his soul into a quivering melody, a message of love to some maiden who probably sat spinning under a thatched roof of the drowsy village. Then a feeling of depression came over Pupin and he began to wonder if, after all, his struggle was worth while.

His mother noticed his dejected look and her words were similar to the following. "Do you remember when as a youngster you climbed the steep, steep roof of the old mill and took the star from the top of it, and how I always believed that God saved you for a mission in life much higher than that of the shepherd whose happy lot you now seem to envy? Blessed America has taught you how to climb a roof much steeper than that of the mill and on its top you will find many a real star from heaven.

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You are not far from the top and you cannot stop nor turn back now.—You are dreaming now some of the idle dreams of youth, but when you return to Cambridge you will wake up again and see that all this was a pleasant dream only, which you saw in your restful hours in drowsy Idvor.—The blacksmith softens his steel before he forges it into a chain; you are just right for the blacksmiths of Cambridge."

After the description of each of Pupin's most important inventions the book reminds the reader of an experience in his earlier life where he was constantly inquiring regarding some physical force, then a mystery to him. As a youngster with a group of other boys he had to take his turn guarding cattle on the hillsides of the village. During the day, this was an easy task but at night it was very difficult for the cattle could not be seen. Then each boy stuck a knife deep into the ground, and by placing his ear close to the ground could hear the signals which another sent to him by rapping on the handle of his knife. Michael kept wondering what made it possible to carry on this method of signaling. Another observation that set him to thinking was watching the way the bagpipers regulated the air through the pipes of their instruments.

These mysteries led him to ask many questions which led to many more mysteries some of which neither he nor his friends could answer. At home he questioned Kos, his Slovenian teacher, but he could explain but little. When he left his native school and went to others farther away, he questioned the teachers there. Finally, he came to America where he directed his questions to the professors of the University of Columbia. At the same time he did a great deal of outside studying.

After his return from Cambridge, he became an instructor at Columbia, where he has been serving ever since as a professor. He has never stopped his researches and as a result we have him to thank for the condenser plates which are in our radios. The Pupin coil has been a great help in developing the modern telephone. Pupin has reduced the time necessary for X-raying from ten to twenty times. But these last statements indicate only a small part of the work he has accomplished in the field of science.

(*Continued on page* 29)

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The Kid Party

In keeping with the custom, the Juniors and Seniors held their annual Kid Party on Friday, December twenty-first.

No fairy godmother was necessary to transform the dignified upper classmen into rollicking children.

Everybody was still wide awake when Santa Claus swung in with a bagfull oi surprise packages and nobody refused the refreshments.

The party was chaperoned by members of the faculty.

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SUFFOLK STREET *over Suffolk Theater* HOLYOKE, MASS.

(*Continued from page 23*)

everyone gets sick there because it is a very rough and dangerous spot. In the afternoon we could see the islands of Sardinia in the distance but we weren't near enough to see them very plainly.

On November 12th at 1 p. m. we spied the beautiful volcano Vesuvio and we could see very plainly the dark, black smoke that it sent out. At night this smoke seemed all fire. A short distance from the volcano, so it appeared from the ship, we could see many houses with all the fertile lands around them covered with fruits even then in the month of November. About 2 p. m. we were nearing Naples and the scenes here were made for artists to paint. On the map Italy is made like a foot and it really is. The foot part is all rocks and mountains and dotted with green here and there and every so often a little house is seen hidden in between the cracks in the mountains. At 3 p. m. we reached the port of Naples to the joy of the people that were getting off there. This ship stopped at Naples to unload the trunks and other articles. I watched them unload and among the American articles I saw were, Rex lard, hides and skins, barrels; two automobiles that belonged to some passengers, a Buick and a Chrysler, and I also noticed a bath tub that some American passenger was bringing to Naples. At 8 p. m. all the passengers who were going to Naples got off and only my mother and about ten other people and I were left to get off at Genoa.

On November 13th, we were nearing Genoa and here were the most beautiful scenes of all. We saw many sail boats and in the distance we could see the mountains covered with snow. We reached Genoa at 2 p. m. We stayed with my cousins that day and the next so that we could see a little of Genoa. We only saw a small part of Genoa but what I saw of it I liked.

On November 15th we went to Tortona where we are living now. It is a city a little larger than West Springfield. At present I am taking lessons from a good violin teacher and he said that I am getting along very well and if I study hard I can get a diploma in a few years and so, dear friends, I will probably be back in time to see my class of 1931 graduate.

Continued on page 29

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(*Continued from page* 27)

I have much I would like to tell you but time doesn't permit it so I will tell you all when I come back, if God wills it that I see dear Agawam High again. Dear friends, take care of our high school, love it, protect it, honor it, and serve it because when you are separated from it and its teachers and students you will regret it. With nothing more to say I close with my sincere regards to all the faculty and students.

A student and friend,
Libia I. Rovelli.

(*Continued from page* 25)

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